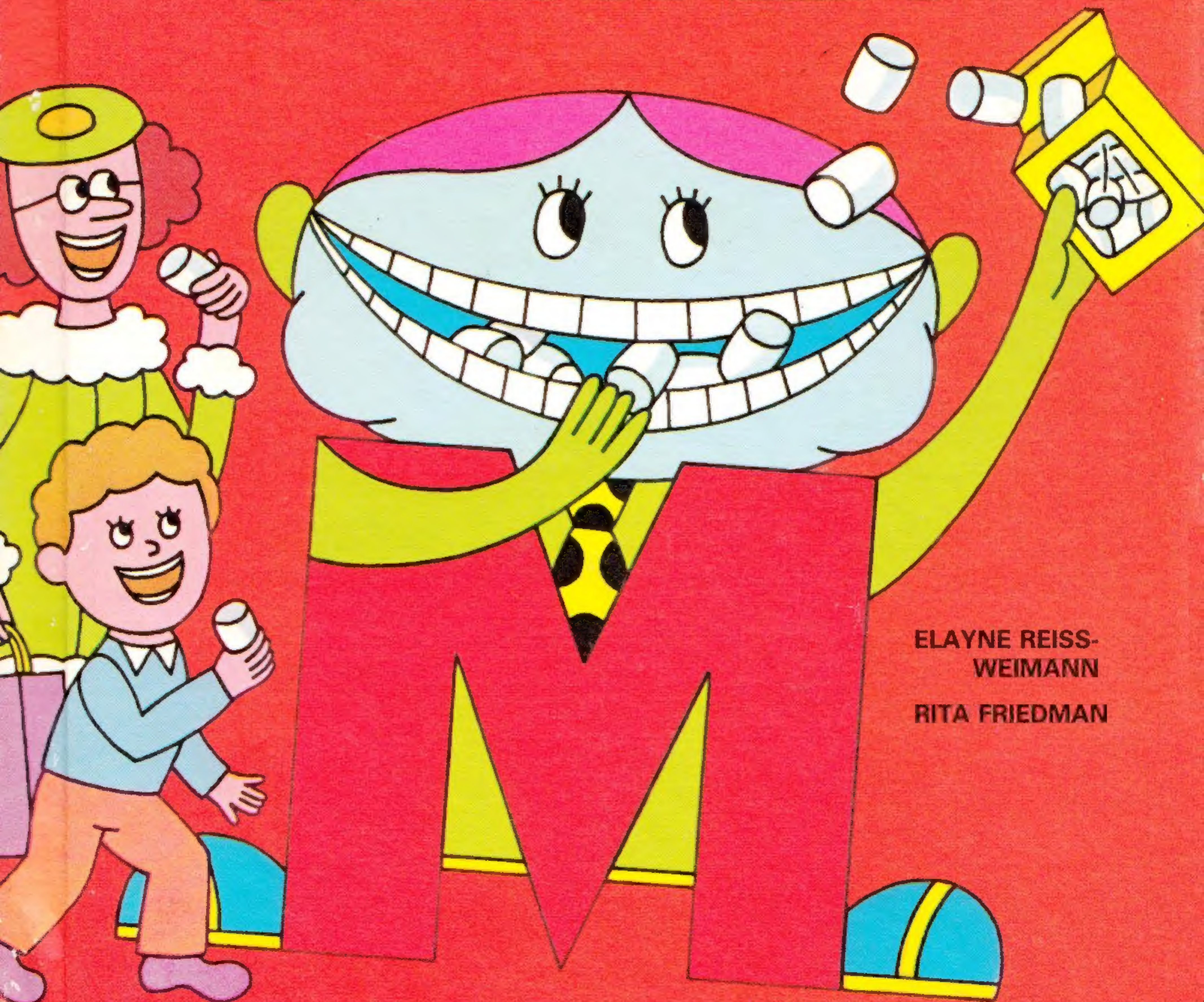


MEET ME at the MARKET



ELAYNE REISS-
WEIMANN

RITA FRIEDMAN



Ding-a-ling!

Mr. M's alarm clock rings and rings.

Mr. M does not hear it.

Mr. M is asleep.

He is dreaming.

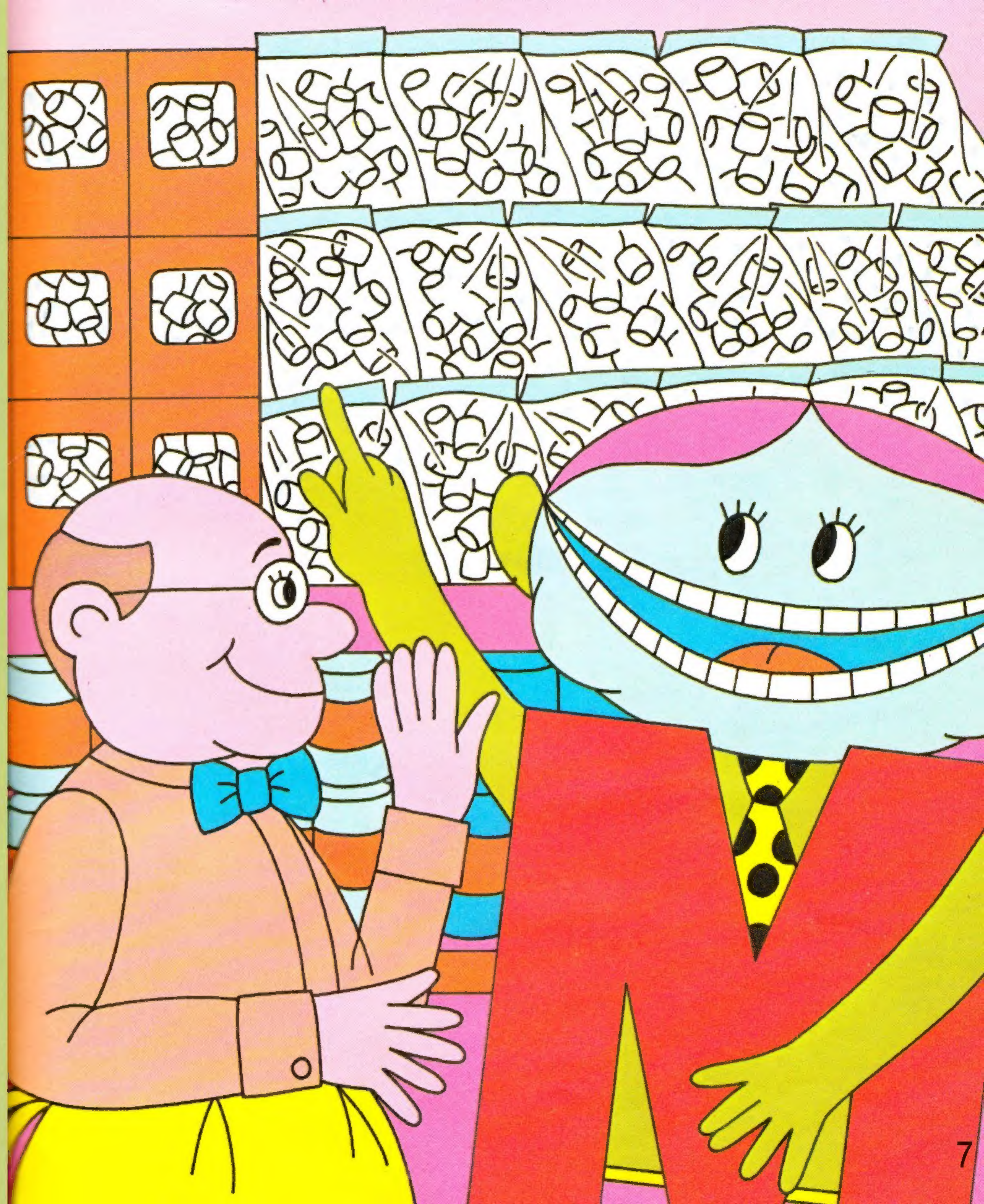
Mr. M has a very strange dream.
This is what he dreams.
In his dream, Mr. M jumps up.
“Today is Monday,” he says.
“Monday is my marketing day.
This Monday I will market in a most unusual way.
I will shop and shop and spend lots of money.
But I will leave the market without any packages.”



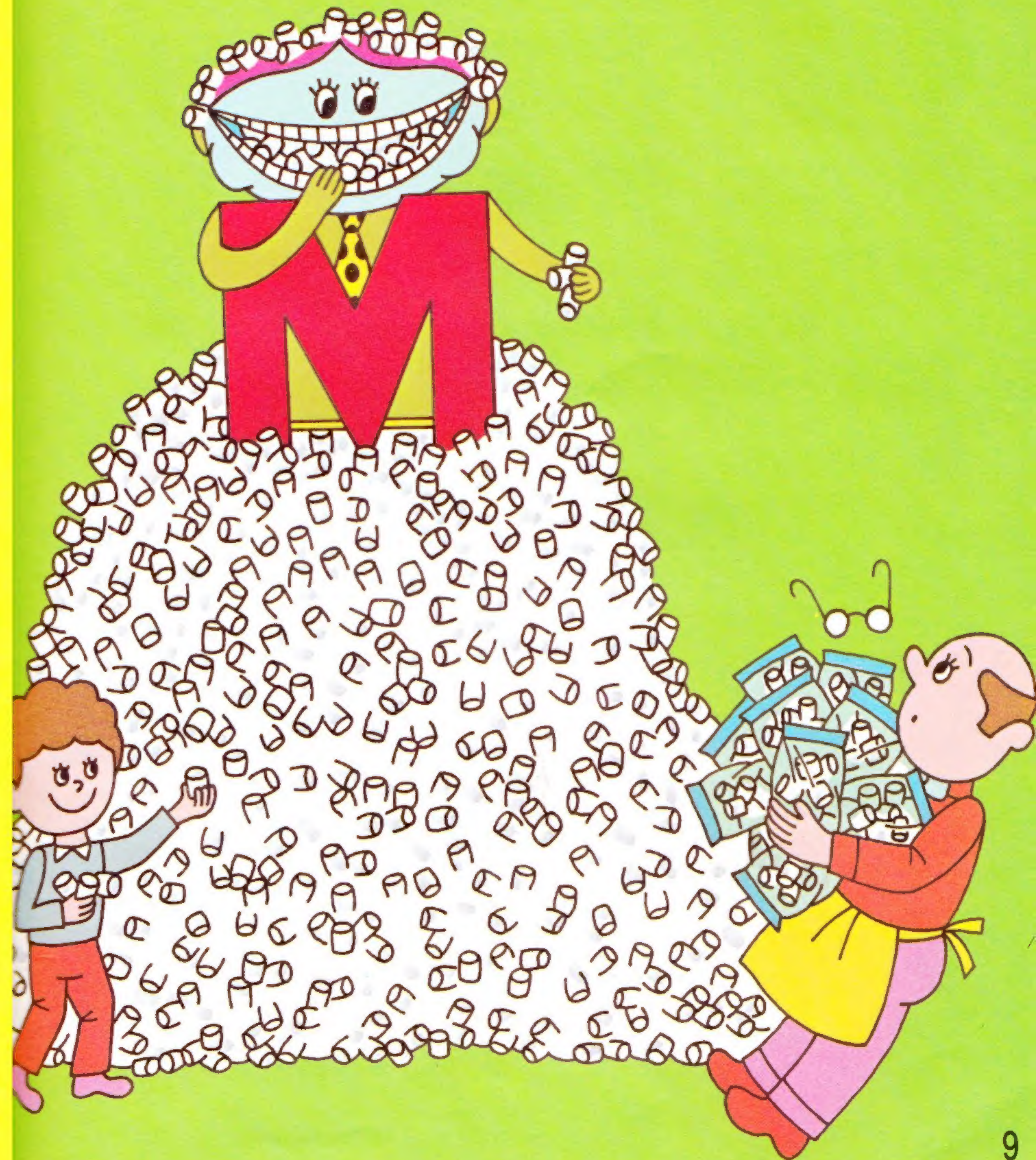
In Mr. M's dream he goes to the market where he shops every Monday. There is Mr. Mumpy, the manager of the market. "Good morning, Mr. Mumpy," says Mr. M. "I will do so much shopping today, I will need two carts." "Please take as many carts as you need," smiles Mr. Mumpy. "I am always glad to see you, Mr. M."



In his dream, Mr. M starts to shop.
He sees marshmallows on a shelf.
“I like to munch marshmallows,” thinks Mr. M.
“Are these all the marshmallows you have?”
Mr. M asks Mr. Mumpy.
“I must have many, many more marshmallows.
I munch very fast.”
“Wait right here,” says Mr. Mumpy.
“I will bring you more marshmallows.”



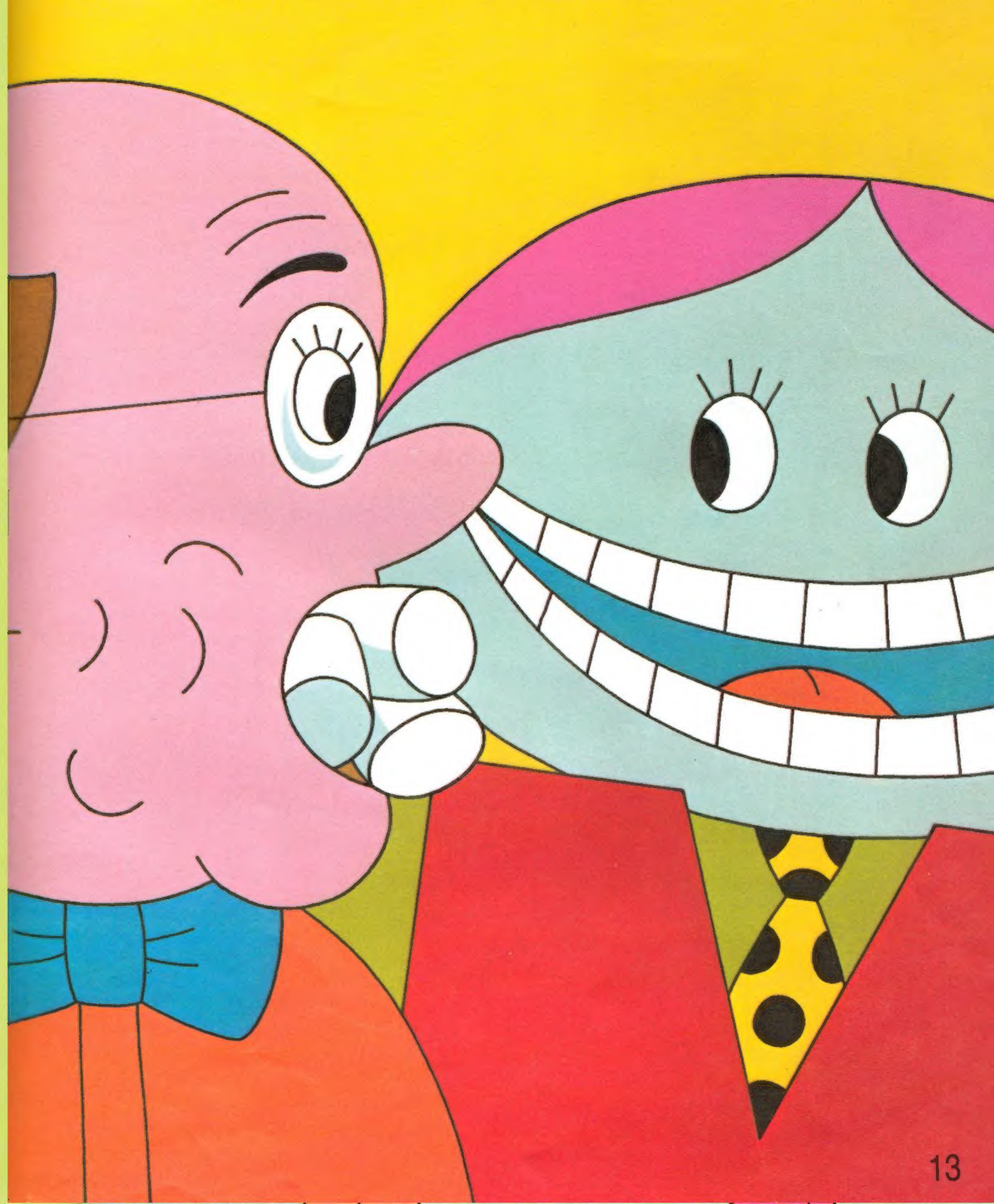
Mr. Mumpy returns with many more marshmallows.
“I cannot believe what I am seeing,” he gasps.
“Mr. M, you are sitting on a mountain of marshmallows!
There are marshmallows in your mouth.
There are marshmallows in your hair.
There are marshmallows in your hands and on your
feet.
Mr. M, you are a marshmallow mess,” mumbles
Mr. Mumpy.
Mr. M was having a marshmallow dream.



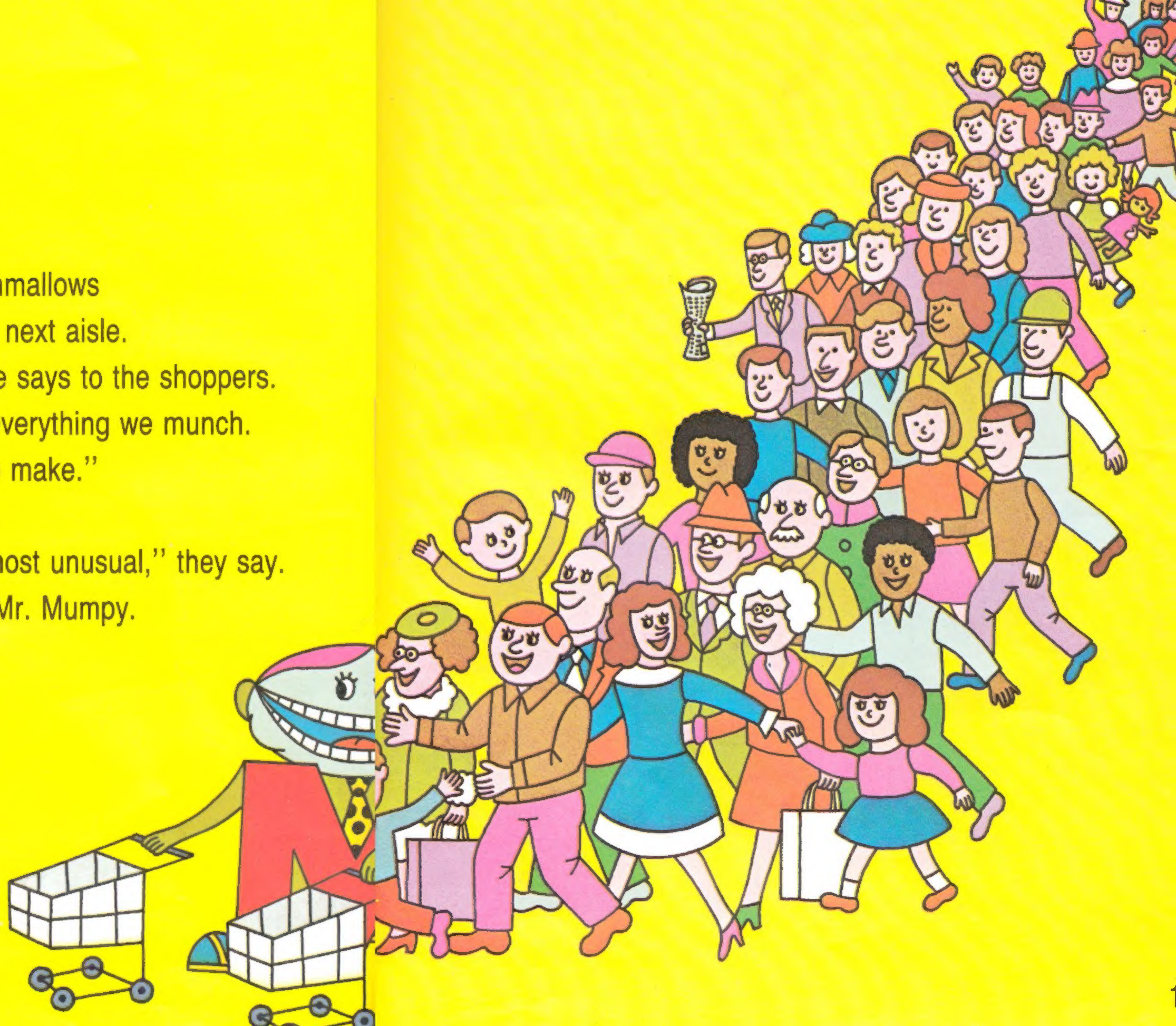
Many shoppers stop to look at Mr. M.
“Please munch marshmallows with me,”
Mr. M says to them.
“It’s not right to munch food in a market,”
say the shoppers.
“You should not munch food in a real market,”
says Mr. M, “but this is my dream market.
I will pay for all the marshmallows we munch.
And I will clean up any mess we make.”
Shoppers start to munch marshmallows with Mr. M.
Soon everyone is so busy munching marshmallows,
no one is shopping.
“Mr. Mummy, isn’t it fun to have a market
where shoppers can munch?” asks Mr. M.



Mr. Mumpy opens his mouth to answer Mr. M,
but he cannot say a word.
Mr. Mumpy's mouth is full of marshmallows.
Mr. Mumpy mumbles and munches,
mumbles and munches.
At last he can speak.
"How did marshmallows get in my mouth?" he asks.
"I did not put them there," smiles Mr. M.
"It must be marshmallow magic.
Most anything can happen in my dream.
Don't worry, Mr. Mumpy," says Mr. M.
"This is a happy dream."



Mr. M finishes all the marshmallows
and pushes his carts to the next aisle.
“Come munch with me,” he says to the shoppers.
“Remember, I will pay for everything we munch.
I will clean up any mess we make.”
The shoppers follow Mr. M.
“Munching in a market is most unusual,” they say.
“Most unusual!” mumbles Mr. Mumpy.



In his dream, Mr. M sees shelves filled with macaroni.

“I like to munch macaroni,” says Mr. M.
He pulls a box of macaroni from the bottom of the pile.

All the other boxes come tumbling down.

“Oh, dear!” says Mr. M,

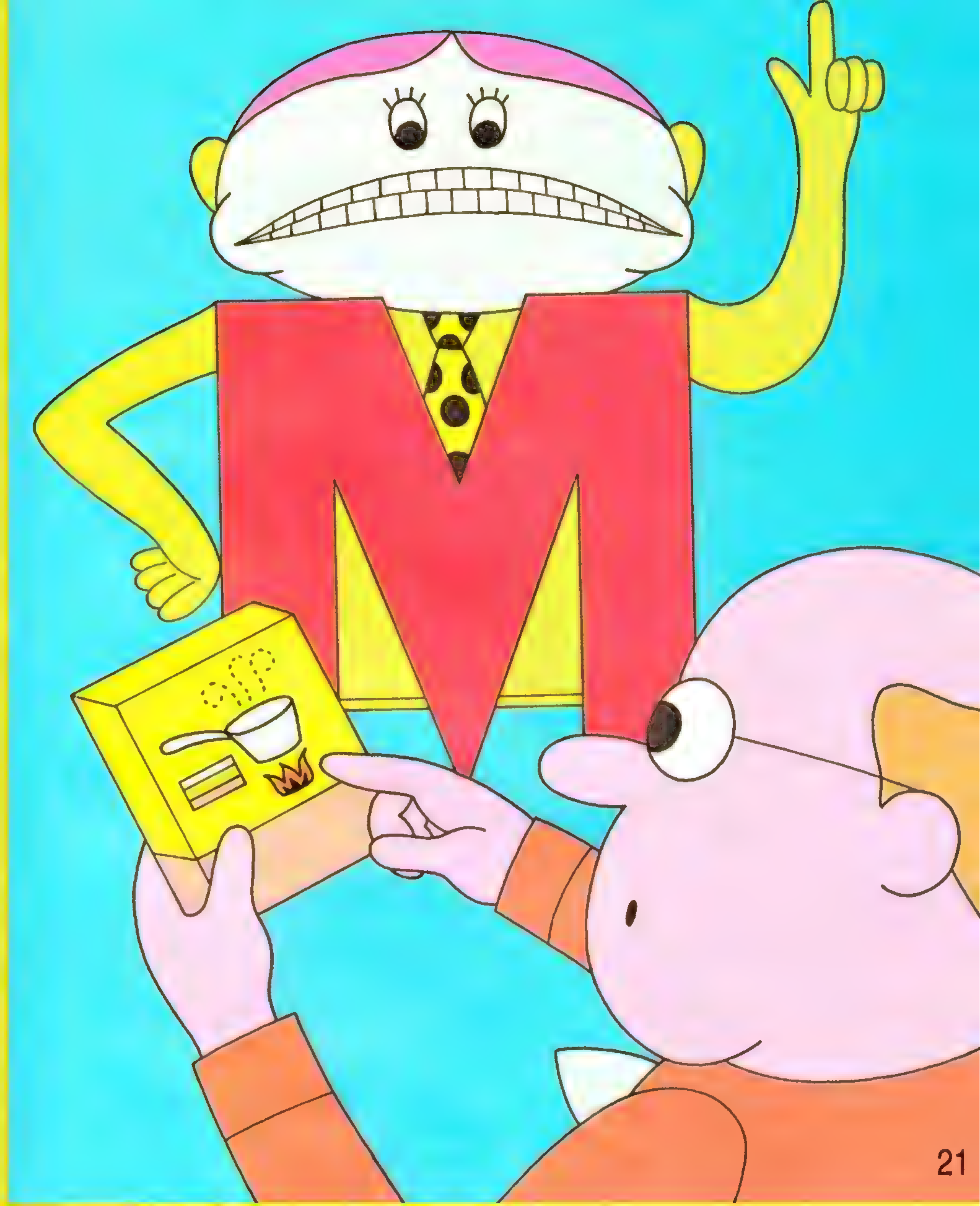
“I must be more careful in my dreams.”



Mr. M and the shoppers try to munch the macaroni.
“This macaroni is too hard to munch,” says Mr. M.
“Macaroni is one of my favorite munchables,
but the macaroni in this market is not good.
Let’s clean up this macaroni mess we made
and munch in another aisle.”
“Wait!” says Mr. Mumpy.
“My macaroni is good for munching.”



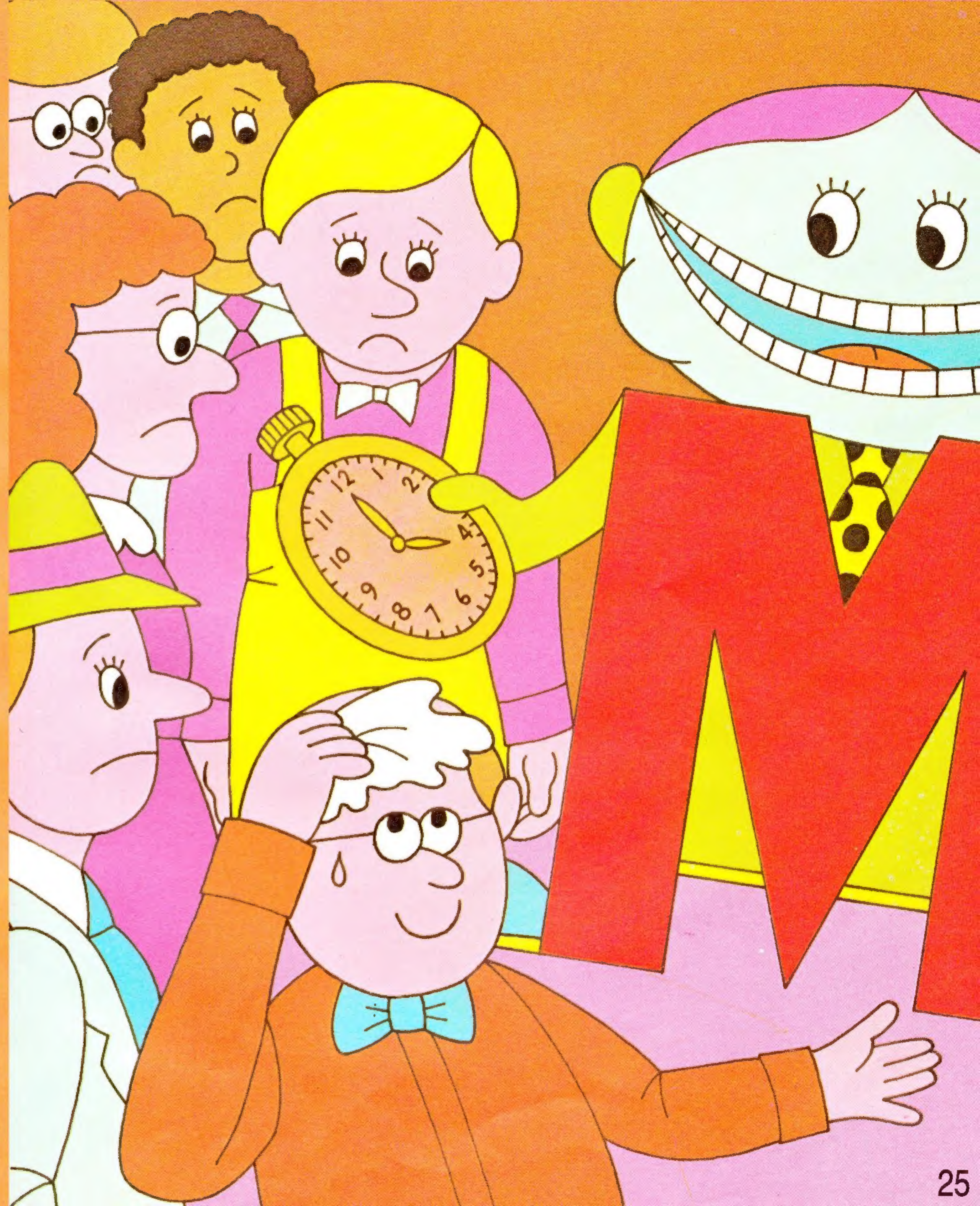
“I sell very munchable macaroni,” says Mr. Mumpy,
“but you must cook it before you munch it.”
“Then next time,” says Mr. M, “please cook
the macaroni before you put it in the boxes.
I cannot munch macaroni in your market
if it is not cooked.”
Mr. Mumpy just mumbles and mumbles
at all the strange things Mr. M does in his dream.



Mr. M takes his two shopping carts
and walks to another aisle.
He invites the people who work in the market
to join the long line of munchers.
Everyone in the market munches with Mr. M.
Everyone, except Mr. Mumpy.
“Do not worry, Mr. Mumpy,” says Mr. M.
“I will pay for everything we munch
and clean up the mess.”
The munchers munch and munch in every aisle.
Mr. Mumpy mumbles and mumbles.
Mr. M dreams his unusual dream!



At last Mr. M says, "We have had fun munching,
but now it is time for me to pay my bill."
The shoppers do not want Mr. M to leave.
Everyone had a marvelous time.
Everyone, except Mr. Mumpy.
Mr. Mumpy helps Mr. M push his carts
to the check-out counter.
Then Mr. M pulls out a long, long list of everything
that he and the shoppers have munched.



“Why isn’t there anything in your carts?”
asks the cashier.

“The shoppers and I munched everything,”
explains Mr. M.

“Here is a list of all the things we munched.
Add up all the prices, and I will pay you.”

The cashier adds up the long bill for munchables.

Ting! Ting! Ting! Ting! goes the cash register.

Suddenly Mr. M wakes up.

Mr. M’s strange dream is over.

Mr. M hears, “Ding-a-ling! Ding-a-ling!”

At last the alarm clock has awakened Mr. M.



Mr. M goes to the market to tell Mr. Mumpy about the strange dream.

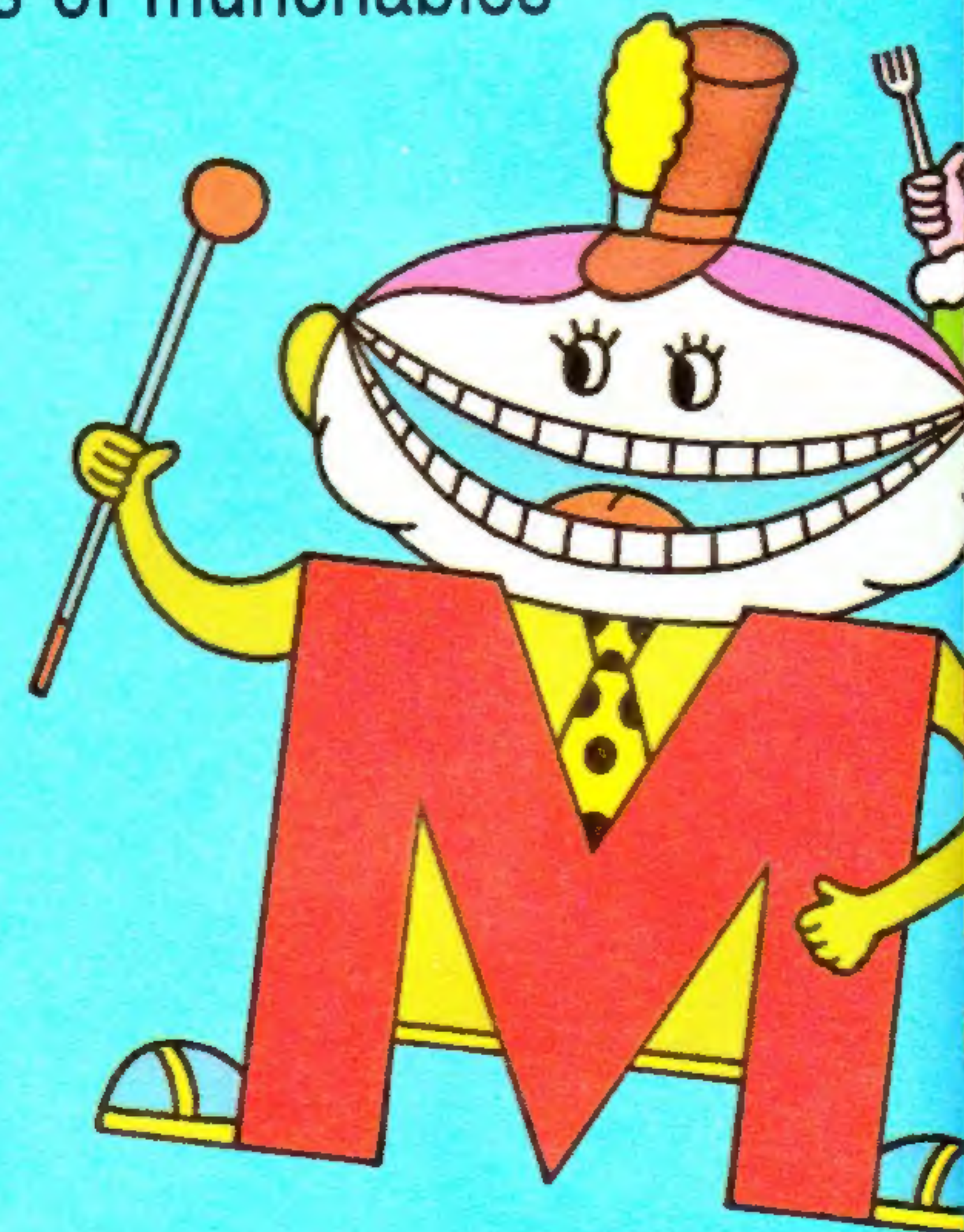
“Mr. M, what you did in your dream should not be done in a regular market,” says Mr. Mumpy.

“But your dream has given me a great idea. Come back on Monday for a big surprise.”

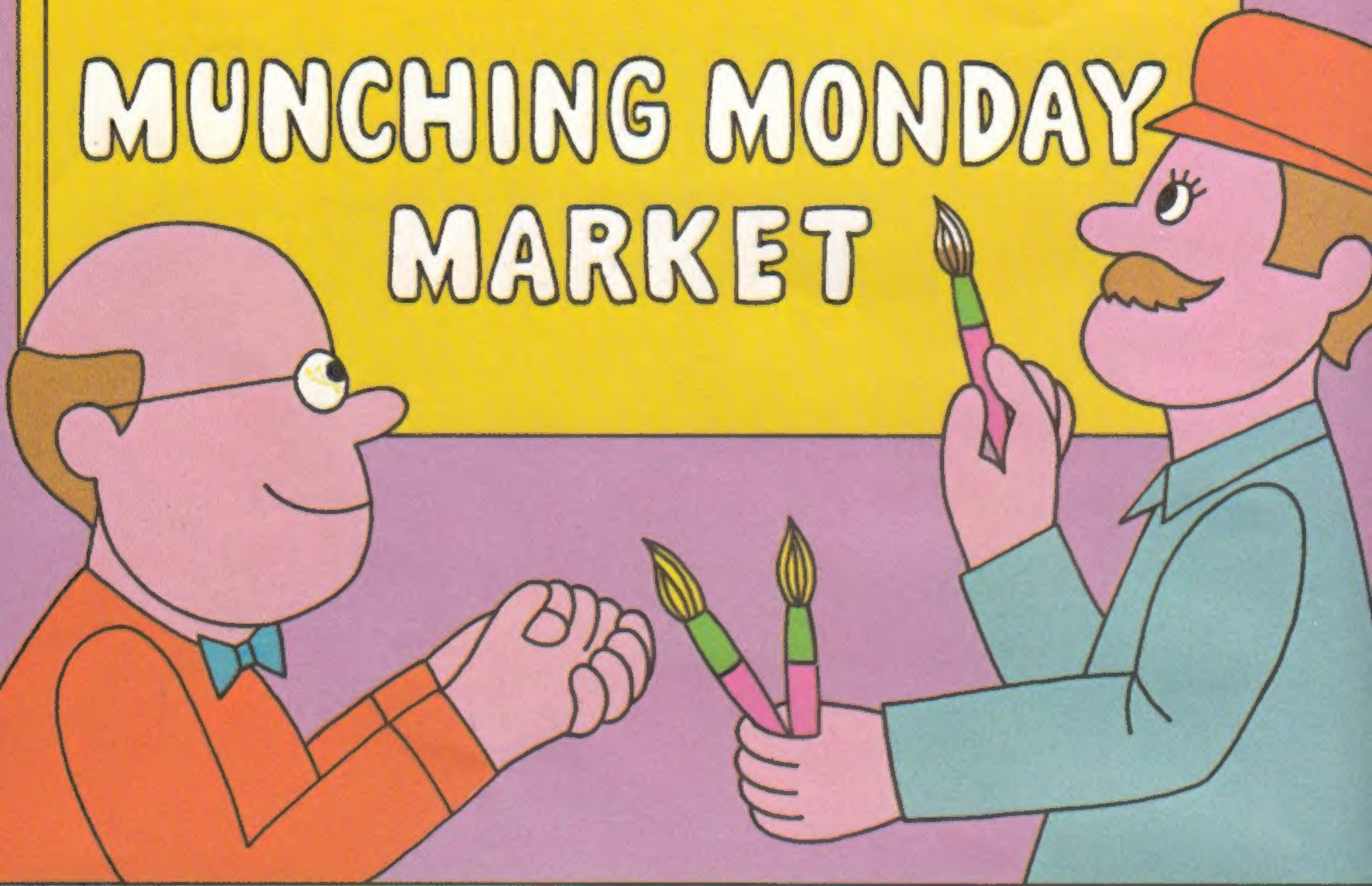
The next Monday, Mr. M goes to the market.

He sees many people holding knives and forks.

The people march to the back of the market where Mr. Mumpy has put out lots of munchables for them to munch.



MUNCHING MONDAY MARKET



“Mr. M,” says Mr. Mumpy, “every Monday I will make my market a munching market. I will call it the ‘Munching Monday Market.’ People can market by munching munchables. They will pay for the munchables they munch, but will leave my market without any packages.”